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#### NOT FOR THEM.

"CAN YOU TELL ME OF ANYONE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD WHO IS LOOKING FOR STEADY EMPLOYMENT?"

"STIDDY IMPLYMINT? NO, SOR. MOST AV THE MEN AROUND HERE BELONGS TO WAN O' THE UNIONS."

Coollest  
and pleasantest  
place around New York to  
go for an afternoon's  
diversion.

## Racing Every Week-Day

AT 2:30 P. M.—UNTIL JULY 30.

Stake, Handicap and Purse Events, including Steeplechasing.  
Music by Mygrant's Military Band.

Unob-  
structed View  
of Races from all parts of  
the Grand Stand and  
Clubhouse.

# BRIGHTON RACES

### STAKE EVENTS.

Tuesday, July 12. Seagate Stakes.  
Wednesday, July 13. Jamaica Stakes.  
Thursday, July 14. Winged Foot Handicap.

Monday, July 15. Nautilus Stakes.  
Tuesday, July 16. Sunshine Stakes.  
Wednesday, July 17. Glen Cove Handicap.  
Thursday, July 18. July Stakes.

Monday, July 25. Sea Gull Stakes.  
Tuesday, July 26. Seashore Handicap.  
Wednesday, July 27. Holiday Stakes.  
Thursday, July 28. Iroquois Stakes.  
Saturday, July 30. { Alstree Steeplechase.  
Neptune Stakes.  
Brighton Oaks.

Saturday, July 16. { Curragh Steeplechase.  
Islip Handicap.  
Brighton Junior Stakes.

Saturday, { Brighton Steeplechase.  
July 23. { Venus Stakes.  
Brighton Derby.

All  
Routes to  
Coney Island lead direct  
to Brighton  
Course.

Course can be reached from New York  
side of Brooklyn Bridge by Special Electric  
Trains on Brighton Road, and by Smith  
Street Trolley Cars. Special Trains on Long  
Island Railroad leave Long Island City. Also  
via 39th Street Ferry, from foot of White-  
hall Street, boats leave every 30 minutes,  
connecting with special trolley cars.



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Established 1725

Fine Clarets, Sauternes, Cognac Vierge, and  
Olive Oil

MESSRS. BARTON & GUESTIER have all  
their Wines bottled at their own cellars,  
their specialty being to select the finest  
vintages only.



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E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS  
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## THE CECILIAN THE PERFECT PIANO PLAYER

NO, we don't prom-  
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a second Paderew-  
ski. We're not run-  
ning a correspond-  
ence school for the  
development of  
musical genius, but  
we do *guarantee* that  
a CECILIAN  
PIANO PLAYER  
will enable you to  
get more use and  
pleasure from your  
piano than ever you  
have had before.

The cost is \$250,  
easy payments if  
you wish.

We'd like to have  
you investigate.

FARRAND ORGAN CO.,  
Dept. L.  
Detroit, Mich.



## LIFE



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*He:* I HOPE THE FACT THAT I'VE LED A GAY LIFE AND BEEN OUT NIGHTS A GREAT DEAL WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.

"INDEED IT DOES. IF I ACCEPTED YOU, YOU MIGHT REFORM."



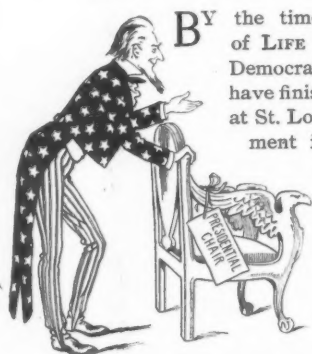
"While there is Life there's Hope."  
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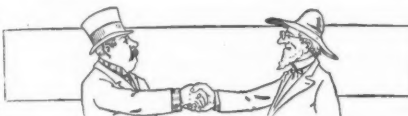
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BY the time this number of LIFE comes out our Democratic friends will have finished their labors at St. Louis. To comment in advance on what may not happen is an exercise that is valuable only for its hazards, and therefore is fit to be avoided. But whatever the Democrats may do—and we believe they will do well—it is a pleasure, speaking with the convention still in prospect, to notice how strongly the current of public confidence and esteem has set towards Mr. Cleveland. That he, at this writing, and in spite of a desire that is obviously sincere to keep out of office for the rest of his days, should still be wanted so heartily by so many of his fellow Democrats is the sign of an encouraging condition of public sentiment. For to want Mr. Cleveland for President is to want a good man. Judge Parker has been put forward as the antithesis of Colonel Roosevelt; a man without rash impulses or indiscretions of any sort, respectful of legalities, calm, restrained, constitutional. Indeed, his tranquillity of temperament has been so much dwelt upon, that if he is nominated his first need will be to take his coat off, roll up his sleeves, and demonstrate that he is a real man and not a wax figure. His friends say he can do it; that he has first-rate works inside of him, and can go on the stump and make friends with the

voters. If the call comes to him it will be highly interesting to see him do it. No one ventures to disparage him. He is thoroughly respected in so far as he is known.



BUT Mr. Cleveland, while different in ever so many particulars from the Rough Rider candidate, is not his antithesis. While, so far as we know, he never got upon a horse, and is physically inapt for cowboy exercises, in spirit he is something of a Rough Rider himself. He, like Roosevelt, is ready to take counsel of his own convictions, and act, and abide the issue. There never was any timidity in Grover Cleveland that anyone knows of. As President, once satisfied as to the course he should take, he took that course and shouldered easily all the responsibilities that belonged to it. He is an obstinate man, a resolute patriot, readier to serve his country than to serve either his party or his friends. There are lots of reasons, such as they are, why he should not be the Democratic nominee this year, but it is a welcome sign of political regeneration that so many Democrats want him. What the Democratic party stands for this year is much debated, but what Mr. Cleveland stands for has never been hard to find out, and whenever he and the Democratic party are seen to stand together again it will make for reassurance in observers, whether he is the party's candidate or not.



ONE of the remarkable phenomena of American life is the June provision of Commencement oratory. So far as we know, there is nothing like it in volume and variety anywhere else in the world. All over the land there are colleges and universities whose exercises culminate in June, and each of them tries to have at least one notable discourse from some one who is

worth listening to. The result is such a prodigious diffusion of oratory as leaves no timely subject unexpounded. Baccalaureate preachers review the morals of the day; Phi Beta Kappa orators discuss everything; statesmen talk politics and statecraft; educators discuss education. There are a great many good addresses. All of them are reported in some newspaper, and some of them are reported and discussed in all the papers, so that the newspaper reader who improves his opportunities emerges from June distended with the fruits of wisdom, and sometimes with a pain consequent on his efforts to assimilate conflicting fruits. Along with the mass of the Commencement addresses, we have had this year the speeches at the political conventions. We have a great deal to think over this summer and none too much time to do it, for the political spellbinders will resume in September the great work of instruction that the June orators have now laid down. The great business of Presidential years is education, and in this particular Presidential year the educational opportunities are enlarged by the existence of the biggest of all big fairs at St. Louis. If we improve our chances as we should—read the papers, hear the orators, see the Fair—Election Day will find us loaded with well-digested information on all subjects, and ready for the polls.



IT is hard to break the Yale and Harvard people from going to the Yale-Harvard boat race. The Yale people go to see their crews win, and the Harvard folk to make sure once more that their young men have not yet regained the trick of rowing. It seems odd that they can't learn it. They can play baseball. To teach eight strong men to row together with scientific efficiency seems superlatively difficult. But, after all, the best thing on exhibition at college races is not the races, but the girls. No matter how a race comes out, one side grieves, but the girls make for joy to all beholders, and no postponing regatta committee—nor even rain and mud—can spoil their charm.

## Heart to Heart Talks.

By ERNEST THOMPSON SITTUP.

*Dear Boys and Girls:* Here I am again, all dressed up in my genuine Indian costume, fresh from the staff of the *Ladies' Bum Journal*, and ready to pose for you as usual and tell you about Nature.

When it comes to talking about Nature, dear children, there is nobody like me. I not only can tell you all I know about Nature, but all I don't know, and my old friend, John Burroughs, who runs a celery farm somewhere up the Hudson, says that what I don't know about Nature is a great deal more than what I do know. So you can take your choice either way.

The only trouble with John is that he is behind the times. He confines himself to facts, which limits his audience. Why, John doesn't make half the money I do, which is proof positive that his method of dealing with Nature is all wrong. Dear children, to be a real, up-to-date naturalist, and have your name a household word, you must keep one eye on Nature and the other on the publisher.

And remember that it pays to advertise. It is whispered in those inner and obscure and correct scientific circles—circles that no one who reads the current magazines ever hears of—that there is about as large a margin of fakery about my naturalism as you will find in some of my books. But this doesn't trouble me a bit as long as my royalties increase. When I get on my genuine Indian costume, and, sitting in the heart of the ancient woods, strike a real catchy attitude, with a line of subservient photographers near, I forget it all.

You must not think, however, from what I have told you, that I haven't a real mission in life. Because I have. I want all the little boys and girls in the country to be full-fledged, up-to-date naturalists like myself, still achieving, still pursuing the notoriety bee, with a heart for every pose. Like myself, I want you all to be real devilish. And above all things, I want you all to read my books. Don't read any of John Burroughs's books. He is a farmer. But stick to me, and have your little, pliable imaginations tickled with a straw.

Remember, however, that you cannot all hope to succeed as I have



"It pays to advertise."



AT LIFE'S FARM.  
AFTER A SWIM.

done. Nature and I have formed a partnership. Nature is the silent partner, and I am the business end. That's how I came to succeed. And you may all do the same, if you follow my methods and my nerve. After a time you may get found out by the few who really know. But they are always in the minority, so don't you care. Cultivate the majority, dear children, and fame and fortune await you.

probability he succeeded.

Of this same party many were orphans, or half orphans, some being deserted by their fathers. Twenty-three were under five years of age.

The fact that for the places of these children we had over nine hundred applications argues pleasantly for the popularity of LIFE's Farm.

#### STATEMENT.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,986.34
No Name .....	30.00
Three.....	5.00
Susie, Mamie and Billy Stewart....	3.00
Lucy.....	10.00
In Memory of Mother.....	5.00
C. O. L., 1903.....	5.00
Cash, E. G. J.....	25.00
Marion, Roscoe and Davis Blanchard.....	5.00
	<b>\$4,074.34</b>

REV. U. O. MOHR, Manager, LIFE's Farm, Branchville, Conn.

Dear Sir: In reply to your esteemed favor of the 13th inst., it affords us pleasure to send you a donation of Painkiller [six dozen bottles of Painkiller, one dozen boxes of plasters, one dozen bottles of lung balsam, one dozen boxes of liver pills], as well as a few of our leading specialties, for all of which we are confident will be of considerable use.

We recognize the good work in which you are engaged, and we hope that you will be able to relieve the various pains and aches with which the children are likely to be troubled during the summer time.

We enclose a memorandum invoice.

The goods are going forward by express to-day.

Your acknowledgment in due course will oblige,  
Yours very truly,

Davis & Lawrence Co.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1904.



Henpex: CALM YOURSELF, MARIA. I'M SURPRISED THAT A WOMAN OF YOUR TEMPERAMENT SHOULD LOSE HER SELF-CONTROL. DID YOU EVER KNOW ME TO LOSE CONTROL OF MYSELF?

Mrs. Henpex: YOU LOST CONTROL OF YOURSELF, JOHN, THE DAY I MARRIED YOU. NOW FINISH DARNING THOSE SOCKS AND DON'T TALK SO MUCH.



THE DEMOCRACY OF SPORT.

*Mr. Hunterly:* BOY, HOLD MY HORSE A MOMENT. I WISH TO STEP INTO THIS SHOP.

*Boy (pleasantly):* WAL, I WAS JUST A-GOIN' IN THERE MYSELF, BUT I DON'T MIND MATCHIN' YE TO SEE WHO'LL HOLD 'EM BOTH.

Back from the West.

OH, long ago  
'Twas Westward Ho!  
When prairie schooners traced  
The trackless way  
To Santa Fé  
And unknown dangers faced,  
Then we could read  
A scrawling screed  
On canvas dark with dust,  
In letters dim  
This legend grim:  
"WE'LL SEE PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST."  
But now to-day  
Another way

The tide of travel turns,  
And one who stays  
At home these days  
A newer lesson learns;  
Returning hosts  
Forget their boasts,  
But strangely still alike  
From weary souls  
This burden rolls:  
"Busted,—but saw the Pike."

*William Richard Hereford.*

Duty.

THE enactment of an ordinance  
whereby theatres and steamboats  
should be made safe as against fire be-

ing suggested, the aldermen firmly declined to consider it.

"Such an ordinance," said they, "would impose an oppressive burden upon enterprise."

But what if a theatreful or a boatload of people were to be burned up?

"In that case we should order flags at half-mast on all public buildings, of course," said the aldermen, civilly, although evidently taking it not in the best part that question be raised as to what their conduct would be touching a plain duty.

## A Popular Song.

(Dedicated to anyone reckless enough to sin it.)  
FIRST VERSE.

LAST night, after eating horse-radish at twelve  
And drinking a pitcher of cream,  
I tumbled in bed with a pain in my head  
When a nightmare loped into my dream.  
I thought I was downtown and rode on the "L,"  
(Twas a nightmare, I beg to repeat),  
When I saw with surprise twenty brokers arise  
And offer a lady a seat!  
My nightmare, my nightmare  
Behaved in a curious way.  
'Twas a horse and a horse, and a nightmare,  
of course,  
For such things never happen by day.

## SECOND VERSE.

I thought that I went to a show on Broadway  
In a two-dollar orchestra chair.  
I confess I don't know what they did in the show,  
(Twas a nightmare, again I declare);  
At the third act the Manager came on the stage  
And said, "If this burlesque's a bore,  
All you folks have to say is you don't like the play,  
And we'll give back your cash at the door."  
A nightmare, a nightmare  
On a highly improbable tack.  
Was the time ever known when the Syndicate's own  
Desired to give anything back?

## ONGCORE.

(Accompanied by applause, violets and other missiles.)

I went to the White House for something to write  
And put in my popular song.  
There the President stood, as a President should,  
While delegates came in a throng.  
"O please run for office!" the delegates said,  
And pleaded and wept and perspired.  
But the President said, with a shake of his head,  
"I really can't run—I've retired."

A nightmare, a nightmare  
Wherein many marvels were done—  
Oh, when, night or day, did the President say  
He was ever unwilling to run?

Wallace Irwin.

"WHAT does Roster think of his new auto?"

"He says it's one of the finest systems of plumbing on wheels he has ever seen."

## All the Same.

"I HAVE a suggestion to make."

St. Peter's chief secretary stood respectfully just inside the gate, as that Venerable Being sat and kept tabs on the latest arrivals.

"Your suggestions," said St. Peter, "are always good, and I shall listen to this one with pleasure. Hello! What's this?"

"One hundred and ten people killed in a railroad accident," announced the doorkeeper.

"Show 'em right in," replied St. Peter. "I'll take care of them in one moment. What were you about to say?" he added to the chief secretary.

"Owing to our present crowded conditions," said the secretary, "it seems advisable to make some better classification than—"

"Eighty-five people killed in one day by automobiles," announced the doorkeeper.

"All right," said St. Peter. "Let 'em wait a minute."

"Than at present," continued the chief secretary. "You see they are all kind of mixed up, every mansion having a heterogeneous crowd—I—"

"Eight hundred women and children roasted in a theatre," announced the doorkeeper.

"Very well," said St. Peter. "Don't let them block the entrance. Have them stand aside a few moments until I get this idea. Go on, Mr. Secretary."

"As I was about to say," said the chief secretary, "what we ought to do is to classify the people of each nation by themselves. They are more at home with each other, they speak the same tongue and they have the same reminiscences."

"Twelve hundred people sunk in an excursion steamer," announced the doorkeeper. "Also a few odd souls killed by falling buildings, crossing streets, run over by trolleys and hurt by dynamite."

"All right, all right," replied St. Peter. "Put 'em with the rest. Your idea," he said, turning again to the chief secretary, "is excellent. System is what we want. Each country by itself. You can begin at once by

allotting space to this crowd that has just arrived."

The chief secretary bowed.

"Very well," he replied. "But they are not all from one country, are they?"

"Sure," said St. Peter. "I haven't examined them personally, but I know from the nature of the deaths that they must be from the United States."

## In New York.

NEWCOMER: It costs so much to live. I begin to be eaten up with avarice. There ought to be more poor men here, Jack, like you and Robinson, to set an example of frugality and keep folks like me in countenance.

HARDENED RESIDENT: My example valuable, dear man? By George, I ought to be paid for dispensing it. Nobody does anything valuable for nothing here. Now, if I could only add to what I have now, a little salary of, say, ten thousand a year, for setting a valuable example of frugal living, I could just about manage to skin along.

## Is This Malicious?

WE copy this "special despatch" from a recent issue of the *New York Herald*:

MRS. R. VANDERBILT ILL.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

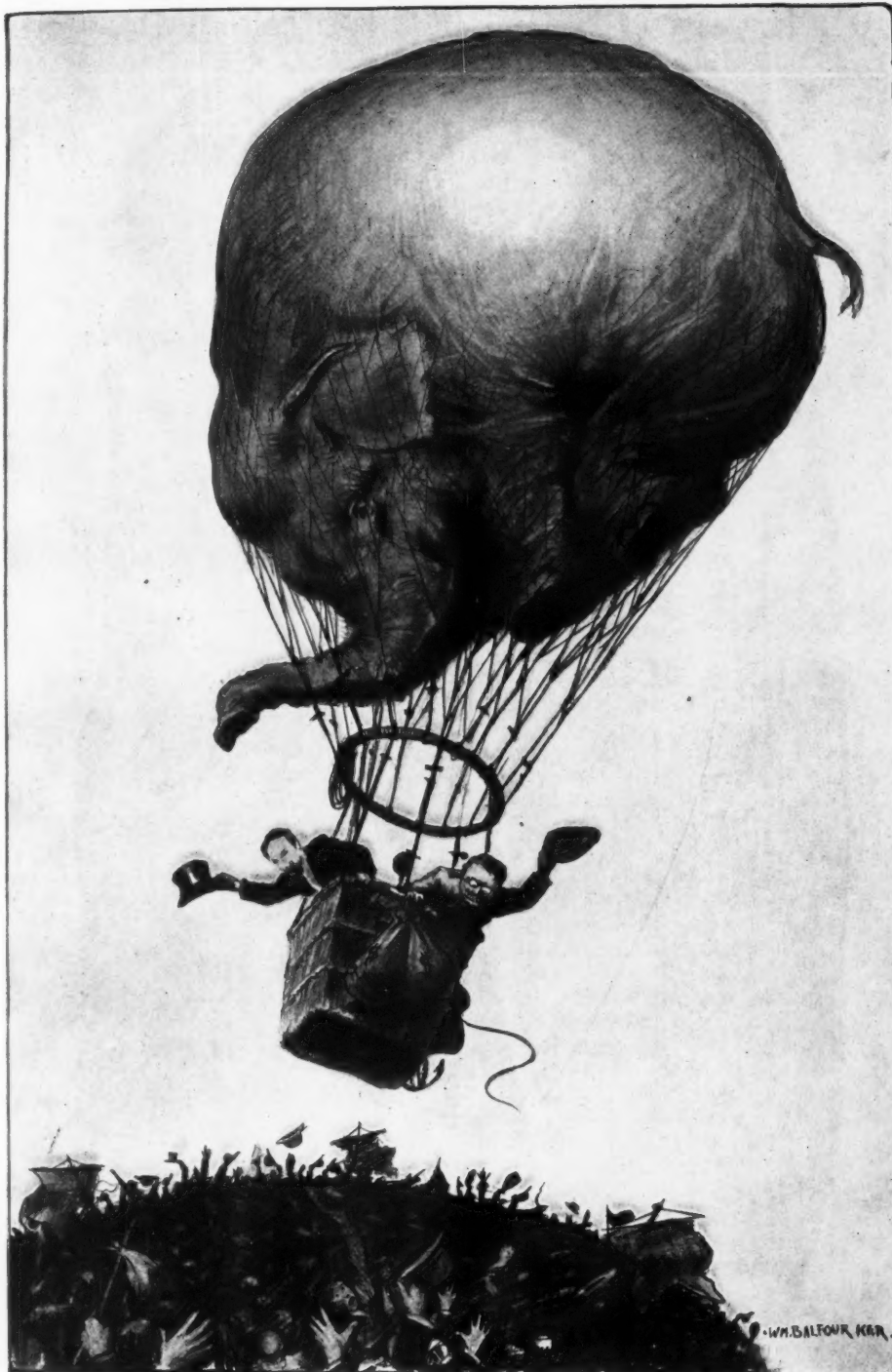
NEWPORT, R. I., Tuesday.—Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt is quite indisposed at her country place at Sandy Point, as a result, it is believed, of the excessive heat of the last few days.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was taken with a faintness while entertaining a small company at dinner last evening. Her condition yielded quickly to restoratives and she was assisted to her chamber.

Why make this lady ridiculous? The editor of the *Herald* knows as well as others that the perusal of this silly paragraph will bring to its reader either a sense of nausea, or a stronger expression of disgust at such humble adoration of the almighty dollar. And what has this lady done that she should become an object of contemptuous mirth to every serious-minded reader!

## Definition in a Future Dictionary.

EATING: A pastime, once universal, but now practiced only by the newly rich who have not yet learned how to be idle.



"THEY'RE OFF!"

**Italicized Him.**

AFTER she has told him, with an air of innocent surprise at his declaration of love, that she has all along merely been amusing herself, he becomes resentful.

"Amusement?" he sneers. "You consider it amusing, then, to make a fool of me?"

"I did not make a fool of you," she languidly replies. "I merely emphasized you."

**Defined.**

"PAPA, what is good society?"

"Bad society, my son."

**Onward!**

WE read:

"The Tibetans who attacked the British at Khangma left one hundred and seventy-four men dead on the field."

Again, in the same day's papers:

"Dutch troops captured a native fortress in Sumatra; one hundred and seventy-six Achinese were killed."

Christian forces, it will be recalled, advance with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other. It is certainly gratifying to see what Christian soldiers can do with one hand.

**Citizen.**

A MAGAZINE lays bare much public corruption, and the Citizen is stirred profoundly.

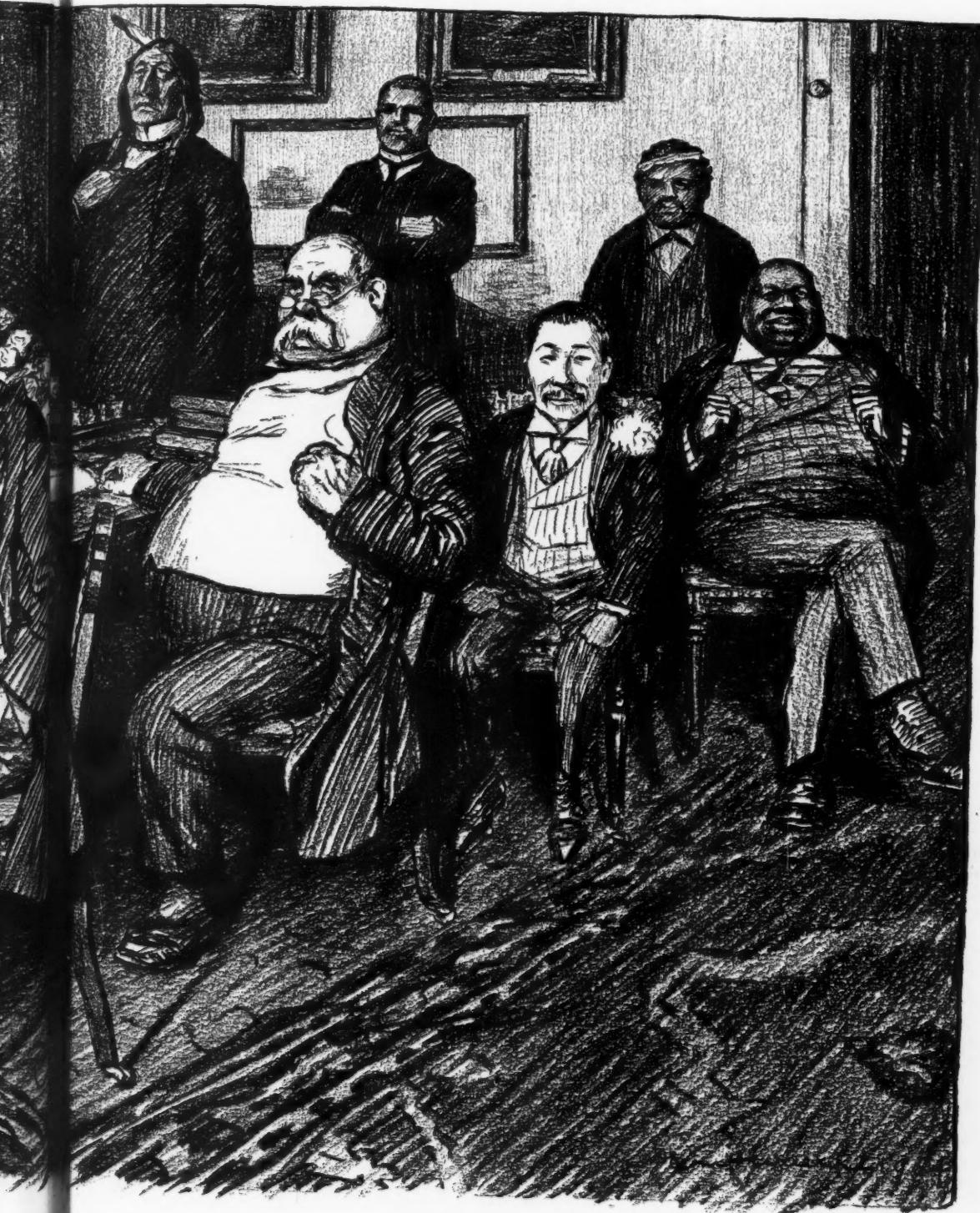
Some Months pass.

"What have you done about it?" asks the Still Small Voice, in an interval of silence.

"Done?" says the Citizen. "Why, I've subscribed for the Magazine. What else is there to do, in a Presidential Year?"



"A 'SOMETIME' ONE" OF

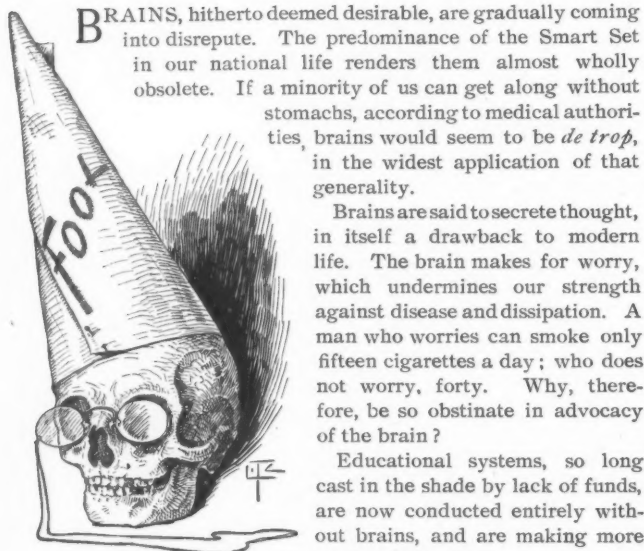


THE PRESIDENTS OF THE U. S.



LOVE'S GARDEN.

THE DOOMING OF THE BEES.

**Brains.**

**B**RAINS, hitherto deemed desirable, are gradually coming into disrepute. The predominance of the Smart Set in our national life renders them almost wholly obsolete. If a minority of us can get along without stomachs, according to medical authorities, brains would seem to be *de trop*, in the widest application of that generality.

Brains are said to secrete thought, in itself a drawback to modern life. The brain makes for worry, which undermines our strength against disease and dissipation. A man who worries can smoke only fifteen cigarettes a day; who does not worry, forty. Why, therefore, be so obstinate in advocacy of the brain?

Educational systems, so long cast in the shade by lack of funds, are now conducted entirely without brains, and are making more money than ever.

We must expect that the brain will flicker on for some time to come, before it dies out entirely. We cannot even hope for the millennium to come all at once. At present the brain is fostered almost entirely by young girls and old maids, who employ it in lieu of brute force. Brute force has now made the brain look like thirty cents, and regulates the price of meat, eggs, ice, hair tonics and votes.

Nothing succeeds like a profitable lack of brains and enough brute force to compel respect. Though we may not hope to eliminate the brain entirely, the future looks rosy. As long as brains stand directly in the way of making money, we need have no fear for the ultimate result.

In the meantime, let us not falter in the grand work, but go on building libraries, endowing colleges and writing popular novels. Thus, by reducing our brain activities to a minimum, we shall eventually all succeed in becoming as brainless as are at present the chosen few.

**W**HILE gasoline holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return.

**The Two Sisters.**

**O**NCE there were two sisters, one of whom was noted for the expensiveness and the variety of her dresses, while the other was commented upon for the simplicity of her attire. It was known that she had made one dress do for three seasons, also.

Now there came two princes seeking wives. And the first prince said: "I will marry the girl who has always worn such expensive clothes, because she will have had her fill of finery and will be content to dress modestly and not run up big bills at the modiste's."

The second prince said: "I will marry the other girl, for she has already shown her disposition and tastes and ought to make a jewel of a wife."

But after they were married, the girl who had always dressed so simply went in for the costliest garb she could get. She said she must make up for lost time.

And the other girl wore more expensive dresses than ever, because, she said, it would never do to permit her sister to outdo her.

This lesson teaches us that one man can guess as well as another.



**Fat Man:** HAVE YOU LEFT THE SHOW BUSINESS FOR GOOD?  
**India Rubber Freak:** BET YER LIFE! THERE'S MORE MONEY IN  
LETTIN' AUTOMOBILES RUN OVER ME.

### The Primal Curse.



AFTER the gods had done amusing themselves with the puppets, they tossed them into a corner. But when supper was done, they were surprised to find them still in working order and quietly playing with a broken goblet that had fallen beneath the table. So Vulcan, at whose forge they had been fashioned, and who was always vain of his work, picked them up and cried out:

"I say now, these manikins are really rather a nice piece of work. Jove! I say, breathe a little of the real fire into them and let's establish a Race."

The gods and goddesses, with delighted acclamation, agreed to the idea. So Jove laid down his pipe, and injected a cloud of smoke into the noses and ears of the playthings; and when he laid them down, their limbs quivered eagerly and their eyes blinked with a new fire. The gods looked indulgently upon them.

"And now," said Jove, taking up his meerschaum again, "I have done my share—and each of you people can give the creatures something, just to set up housekeeping with."

"But first," cried Mercury, who always had an eye to the main chance, "let us make a little sporting event out of this. Here, let's make a pool, and whoever bestows the best gift on the new race gets the pot."

Again the gods agreed. Any kind of a novelty was sure of a warm welcome among the rather bored inhabitants of Olympus. So Venus flung in the Golden Apple; Mercury his sandals; Diana her new, smokeless Winchester, together with showers of gold from the other deities; till the table resembled the bargain counter at a Rummage Sale. Paris was called up and appointed stakeholder, and the contest began.

"I," said Minerva, pompously, "give Wisdom."

"Respectability," cried Juno.

"And I, Beauty," said Apollo.

"Commercial Integrity!" put in Mercury, triumphantly, "and Syndicates!"

Some objection was raised to this double entry, on the ground of hedging. Mercury, however, explained that it was all the same thing, and his bid was entered as above. The competition proceeded, till Youth, Strength, Fame, Rank, Wealth, Cocktails and Honor had all been bestowed upon the new beings which lay with an unconscious smile in their midst. Finally, all the immortals had registered, with the exception of Venus. She looked up with a rosy smile.

"I," she said slowly, "give that without which all your gifts are useless—that which gives you something to win Fame for, to spend your money on; to give joy to Youth and radiance to Beauty." She paused and smiled again. "I give . . . Love . . ." she said softly.

Paris looked at her, and, without hesitation, he swept the stakes over to her side of the table. The other gods nodded in silence. Venus stretched out her hand languidly to pick up her winnings, while the decorum of the proceedings was broken by a sudden, ironical grunt. It was the voice of Hecate, a social climber who had recently moved in from

Hades, and whose many attentions to Juno had to-night procured her a rather grudging invitation to dine.

"Now, that is too easy," she said; "a contest for Blessings—I'd be ashamed to take the money! Double the pot and make it a contest for Curses—that would be something like!"

Again the gods seized eagerly upon the new idea. Venus was, after some coaxing, persuaded to give up her prize; the stakes were doubled, and the contest began afresh. The unheeding recipients of all these gifts sat munching a bit of ambrosia that somebody had given them, and blinking their eyes at the light.

"I," said Minerva, "give a Babbling Tongue."

"And I, Civilization," cried Saturn.

"War," growled Mars.

"Ugliness," simpered Venus.

And so in turn Sickness, Popular Government, Old Age, Envy, Advertising Sign-Boards, Poverty, Breakfast Foods and Death were bestowed upon the Helpless Innocent.

Hecate voted last. All eyes were turned toward her.

"I," she said, with a sneering imitation of Venus's soft drawl—"I give . . . Love . . ."

The assembled gods laughed loudly; and Paris, curling his mustache, was about to push the stakes over to Venus again, when Hecate raised her hand.

"Do you not see," she said, "that all your curses are powerless against him who preserves your blessings—even Death, which comes at the end with quiet sleep? But against Love, what do all your gifts prevail? Love, which seizes on the heart, and tears and twists it with a pain that it cannot understand, yet is powerless to forget. You give them strength—under Love, the ruddiest cheek shall grow pale! Youth and Beauty!—it shall be the young and fair who shall most often wither and die beneath its sting.

. . . Why," she broke off, her voice fairly crackling with scorn, "haven't you people sense enough to see that there is simply nothing else which can be relied upon to set people by the ears every time—to make them rend their dearest ties, and drag their honor to the mud? Give me the prize—



AT THE EXPOSITION.

He: SOUSA DOESN'T SOUND SO WELL OUTDOORS!

She: NO; THE AGNOSTIC PROPERTIES AREN'T SO GOOD.

and I'll engage to pull Innocence down from her pedestal, to make Wisdom a doting fool, and the proudest prince on earth an abject beggar!"

The gods were all silent. The words of Hecate had called up certain little episodes in their own pasts rather too vividly to make present speech convenient. Paris shivered, and hastily pushed the collection of *bijouterie* over toward Hecate's plate. There was no sound but the ringing of the metal, as she, with the *aplomb* of an ancient bridge-player, hastily pocketed the company's valuables and left the table.

Edith Macvane.



OF all the popular writers upon animal life, perhaps Charles G. D. Roberts approximates most nearly the ideal blending of accurate observation and imaginative inference. The strictly scientific attitude is invaluable, but it could never have ignited public interest. On the other hand, we are becoming familiar with nature study turned charlatan. *The Watchers of the Trails*, Mr. Roberts's new volume of animal stories, in spite of its dedication to Ernest Thompson Seton, deserves to be popular, and will probably get its deserts.

*Mankind in the Making*, a volume of tentative speculation and suggestion in the matter of sociological reform by H. G. Wells, is interesting as an earnest, if blind groping after the beginnings of a new science. Broadly stated, the author desires to emphasize the effectiveness of the natural sanction of the good of the race, as against the arbitrary sanction of religion, and pleads for the thoughtful application of natural law in social matters as well as in mechanics.

*A Candle of Understanding*, by Elizabeth Bisland, tells, in autobiographical form, the story of a Southern girl born at the close of the war. The picture of the heroine's childhood on the failing plantation in Louisiana is thoroughly winning, and awakens a sympathy which is the book's one claim to attention. The somewhat commonplace sequel is merely colorless.

Mr. W. P. Stephens's history of *American Yachting* is the latest publication in the excellent American Sportsman's Library edited by Caspar Whitney. The author's style is a pleasant one, and his work is at once succinct and comprehensive, although in a field peculiarly marked by controversy and bad feeling, he will doubtless meet charges of animus and partisanship.

We have had so many forecasts

of the future from socialistic pens that a prophecy by an orthodox political economist might be a pleasant change. *The Society of To-morrow*, from the French of G. de Molinari, is indeed a social forecast and one based on the most extreme individualistic doctrines, but it is quite as chimerical and quite as regardless of the details of human tendencies as the most fanciful of the Socialists could have made it, and is unutterably pompous and didactic into the bargain.

It is almost needless to say of a new book by E. L. Voynich that it is masculine and growsome. Indeed, Mrs. Voynich's writings and the painting of Vereschagin have much in common; they are realistically terrible, whatever else may be said of them. *Olive Latham*, Mrs. Voynich's new story, deals with an English girl thrown with Russian revolutionists, and is a powerful delineation of suffering, twisted at the last into the semblance of a happy finale.

*Huldah* is a Sunday-school book for grown-ups, by Alice Macgowan and Grace Macgowan Cooke. Aunt Huldah Sarvice lived in Blowout, Texas, and was a good soul if ever there was one. If the story of her days is somewhat dull, why, that is ever an attribute of excellence, and if we grow weary at having her held up to us as a moral example, why, that, too, is but the way of the unregenerate.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Watchers of the Trails*. By Charles G. D. Roberts. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$2.00.)

*Mankind in the Making*. By H. G. Wells. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*A Candle of Understanding*. By Elizabeth Bisland. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

*American Yachting*. By W. P. Stephens. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

*The Society of To-morrow*. By G. de Molinari. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

*Olive Latham*. By E. L. Voynich. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

*Huldah*. By Alice Macgowan and Grace Macgowan Cooke. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

### Pleasant Prospect.

NEW ARRIVAL (*to clerk*): Are there many young ladies here?

CLERK: Plenty. You'll be loved to death inside of twenty-four hours.



ST. CLAIR'S A HOLY MAN,  
WHILE JIM'S A HOLY TERROR;  
THE ONE DESPISES WRONG,  
THE OTHER HATES AN ERROR.



AND YET IN BOYHOOD DAYS,  
BEFORE THE FATES ESTRANGED 'EM,  
THESE GENTLEMEN WERE TWINS—  
BEFORE THEIR TRAINING CHANGED 'EM.



TOO BAD.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE MY PAINTING?"

"OH, THE COLORS ARE EXQUISITE! WHAT A PITY WE CAN'T HAVE SUCH TINTS IN NATURE."

**Not What You Say, but How You Say It.**

"—HE murmured softly, looking down into her eyes.

"She could not speak for a moment, then answered—"

"—He cried rapturously.

\* \* \*

"—Stormed the old gentleman.

"—He answered back in a decided tone.

"—Was the furious query.

"—Was the curt reply.

\* \* \*

"—She said, her brown hair mingling with his.

"—He answered in a tender voice.

"—She added sweetly.

"—Was all he said.

\* \* \*

"—He asked in a coaxing tone.

"—She replied, letting her blonde head fall on his shoulder.

"—He exclaimed passionately.

"—Cried his wife as she appeared in the doorway.

\* \* \*

"—Was her tearful testimony.

"—He answered indifferently.

"—The words came from the stern old Judge, as he handed her the paper which proclaimed her a free woman."

*John Edward Hazzard.*

**Two Successes.**

"YES," said the first man,

"I believe I may rightfully claim that I have been successful all my life. My rule has been to spend less than I earned and to save more than I spent."

"I've been successful, too," said the other man, "although I went about it differently. I have made it a rule to spend more than I made and to owe more than I spent."

"But I have had everything I wanted and still can get anything I want, because the people know I will pay."

"Same here. I get anything I want, because they are afraid I won't pay for what I have had."

**PALETTE:** So you really think that Dauber takes his art seriously?

**MAHLSTICK:** I certainly do. Why, he sacrificed his wife and family to it, and even came near suffering hardships himself.

**Source.**

"I REALLY don't see how the Devil can do such able work."

"He's inspired."

**WILSON  
WHISKEY**

**That's All!**

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G. McCURE, 6820 Superior St., Austin, Ill."

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Genuine bears above signature. U. S. A.



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It will be trying at our expense the most toothsome chocolate on the market, and one that in a year has become a favorite all over the country. Cailler's Chocolates are made in a model factory in Broc, Gruyere Valley, the richest milk section of Switzerland.

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in powder for drinking is more tasteful and nourishing than any chocolate you ever used.

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Without exception the best Toilet Water  
in the world.

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and see that you get it.

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Proud of her children's teeth, consults a dentist and learns that the beauty of permanent teeth depends on the care taken of the first set.

## SOZODONT Liquid and Powder

should be used. The Liquid to penetrate into the little crevices and purify them; the Powder to polish the outer surface and prevent the accumulation of tartar.

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THE ORIGINAL  
Swiss Milk  
CHOCOLATE  
There are many kinds  
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The slight sediment found in a good ale is positive evidence of a pure yeast plant, the soul of the true natural ale. If ale deposits no sediment it is either deficient in nutritive value or it contains preservatives. In both instances it is not a beverage to be recommended.



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· LIFE ·



TRANSLATED INTO THE VERNACULAR.

La vie est vaine;      La vie est breve:  
Un peu d'amour,      Un peu d'espoir,  
Un peu de haine,      Un peu de reve,  
Et puis, bonjour.      Et puis, bonsoir.

This life is—nit!      This life ist kurz!  
Love spieles one song,      Some hopes—but schlimm;  
Hate throws one fit;      Some dreams—by spurts;  
And then, so long!      Then—douse the glim!  
—The Sphinx.

A STORY is being told of a printer employed in one of the largest American publishing houses who was asked by a friend what was the most important book to be published by his firm during the coming year.

"—", he answered, naming a work whose forthcoming appearance had aroused much interest.

"What sort of a book is it?" asked his friend.

"It's an autobiography written by the man himself," explained the printer impressively.—*Harper's Weekly*.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING

for a perfect condensed milk preserved without sugar, buy Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It is a perfect food for infants.

THE optimism of the Georgia darkey is without limit. One of them, toiling in the hot sun the other day, said: "Thank de Lawd fer a perspirin' life that leads us ter think of de fine hereafter!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Do you think that a young man ought to go into politics?"

"No," answered Bronco Bob. "There's nothing in it. I went to a political convention once. All they did was to holler and wave their hands. There wasn't a shot fired."—*Washington Star*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

SHE: Do you really enjoy whist, Mr. Finesse?

HE: Do I enjoy it? Not at all, madam; not at all. I play a distinctly scientific game.—*Boston Transcript*.

"HAVE you heard about the latest insurance company?"

"No; what is it?"

"Why, it's one that promises to pay alimony to both parties in case the marriage proves a failure."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"BUT," she protested, "I have been told that you are a reformed rake."

"'Tis false," he replied; "why, I never even thought of reforming."—*Chicago News*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

"GLAD to meet you," said the polite cannibal chief to the new missionary. "I shall expect to see more of you to-morrow. We dine at high noon."

"Er-thanks, awfully. I shall be delighted—"

"Not at all. The pleasure will be all mine, I assure you."—*Philadelphia Press*.

PARKE: Anyone with you to keep you from being lonesome while your family was in the country?

LANE: Nobody but a box of Fonseca's cigars.

RUSTIC (to conductor): Which end of the car do I get off?

CONDUCTOR (politely): Either you prefer; both ends stop!—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES.

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*Pope Hartford*

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**Gasoline  
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OPENS JUNE 25th



'Tis not Imperial Rome  
But quiet Tibur that delights me now.

Horace.

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## A Silent Pilot

Nothing helps so much in the enjoyment of your vacation as a good map. It shows you the streams and lakes you can fish, the mountains you can climb, the places of interest you can visit, and the roads you can wheel or tramp. The Lackawanna Railroad has just issued a set of colored maps on a large scale, showing the territory reached by its lines in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. These maps give every highway, post office, trolley line and railroad and are so bound that they can be conveniently carried in the pocket. They are invaluable to automobile tourists and travelers and should be owned by every one who wishes to be informed on the geography of these three States. The entire set in a neat cover may be had by sending ten cents in stamps to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.

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## Bicycle News.

JULY.

Never since the beginning of this industry have bicycles been so near perfection, both in construction and equipment, as they are to-day. Modern inventions like the two-speed gear and new coaster brake have brought the chainless wheels to a wonderful stage of development.

The two-speed gear is rightly called a hill leveler. A slight pressure of either foot on either pedal changes the gear from high to low for hill climbing and difficult roads. Another like pressure sets the high gears for a swift run on the level.

The coaster brake increases the rider's efficiency about one-third.

American highways are in better condition than ever before, so that touring a wheel is attractive.

The people have never been more outspoken in their appreciation of bicycling as a health-giving exercise. It is rapidly returning to a leading place in the list of outdoor recreations.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has two departments, the Eastern and the Western, the former at Hartford, Conn., manufacturing and marketing the famous Columbia, Cleveland, Tribune and Crawford wheels, and the latter at Chicago, Ill., producing the well-known Rambler, Crescent, Monarch and Imperial models.

Catalogues are free at the stores of over 10,000 dealers, or any one catalogue will be mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

## SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)

**OFFICE MEN —BRAIN WORKERS,** save their energy by wearing the "Lightweight" President Suspender—2 ounces.

Any store 50c and \$1.00 or postpaid for choicest patterns.  
THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 898, Shirley, Mass.

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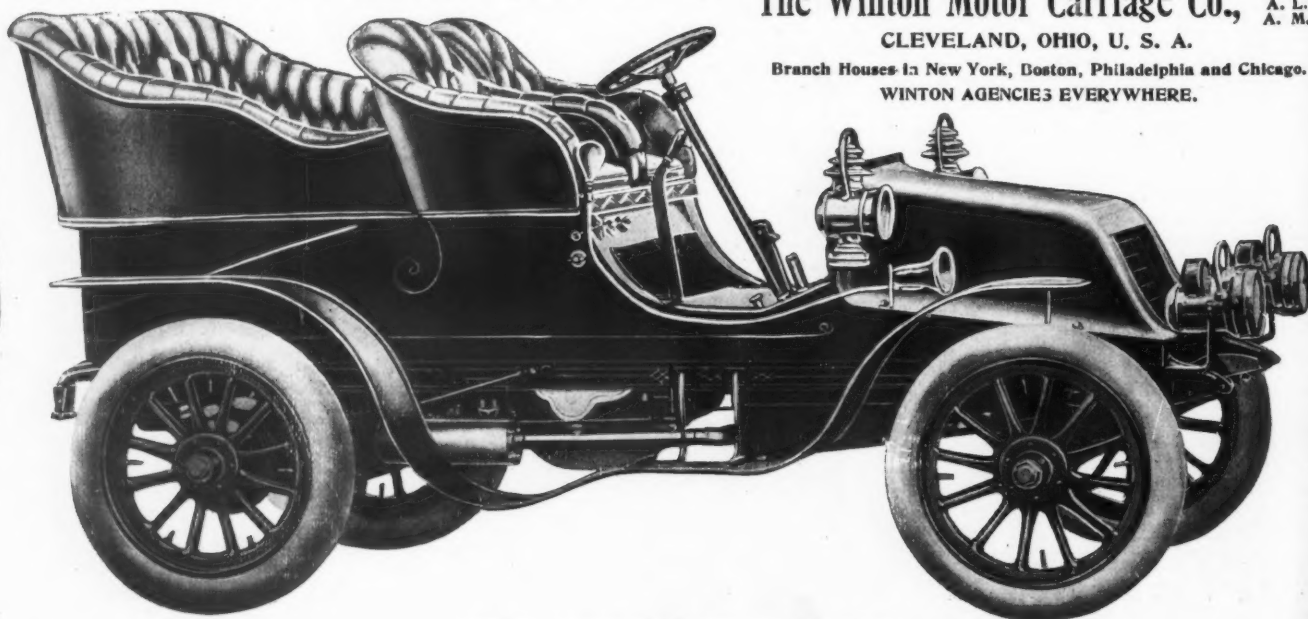
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# LIFE



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Meeting commences Monday, August 1st, and ends Thursday, August 25th

### ORDER OF FIXED EVENTS—1904

#### MONDAY, AUGUST 1st

THE FLASH, 2-year-olds  
THE BALLSTON CUP  
THE SARATOGA HANDICAP, 3-year-olds and upward

#### TUESDAY, AUGUST 2d

THE MOHAWK, 3-year-olds

#### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3d

THE SPINAWAY, fillies 2 years old

#### THURSDAY, AUGUST 4th

THE ALABAMA, fillies 3 years old

#### FRIDAY, AUGUST 5th

OVERNIGHT EVENTS

#### SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th

THE SARATOGA SPECIAL, 2-year-olds  
THE BEVERWYCK, 4-year-olds and upward  
THE GREAT REPUBLIC, 3-year-olds and upward

#### MONDAY, AUGUST 8th

THE CATSKILL, 3-year-olds and upward

#### TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th

THE TRAVERS, 3-year-olds

#### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10th

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL, 2-year-olds

#### THURSDAY, AUGUST 11th

THE DELAWARE, 3-year-olds and upward

#### FRIDAY, AUGUST 12th

THE TROY, 2-year-olds

#### SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th

THE HOPEFUL, 2-year-olds  
THE SARATOGA DERBY, 3-year-olds  
THE SHILLELAH, 4-year-olds and upward

#### MONDAY, AUGUST 15th

THE KENTUCKY, fillies 2 years old

#### TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th

THE MERCHANTS' AND CITIZENS', 3-year-olds and upward

#### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17th

THE SENECA, 3-year-olds

#### THURSDAY, AUGUST 18th

THE ALBANY, 2-year-olds

#### FRIDAY, AUGUST 19th

THE HURON, 3-year-olds

#### SATURDAY, AUGUST 20th

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL, 2-year-olds  
THE SARATOGA CUP, 3-year-olds and upward

THE NORTH AMERICAN, 4-year-olds and upward

#### MONDAY, AUGUST 22d

THE AMSTERDAM, 3-year-olds and upward

#### TUESDAY, AUGUST 23d

THE CHAMPLAIN, 3-year-olds and upward

#### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24th

THE ADIRONDACK, 2-year-olds

#### THURSDAY, AUGUST 25th

THE SARANAC, 3-year-olds

FIRST RACE AT 2:15

F. R. HITCHCOCK, President

ANDREW MILLER, Treasurer

J. AGOSTINI, Secretary

## In Merry Measure

SOCIETY

VERSE,

RHYMES

and

JINGLES

....BY....

Tom  
Masson



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## Not the Same Kind.

THE anxious mother rings up what she thinks is the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. She asks the central for the nursery, and is given Mr. Gottfried Gluber, the florist and tree dealer. The following conversation ensues:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the nursery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"Vat seems to be der madder?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing righd, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I dell you vat you do. You dake der skissors und cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und——"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I say, dake der skissors und cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und den turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der morning——"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der morning, und den pile a lot of plack dirt all around, und shpringle mit insect powter all ofer der top——"

"Sir-r-r?"

"Shpringle mit insect powter all ofer der

top. You know usually id is noddings but pugs dot——"

"How dare you? What do you mean by such language?"

"Noddings but pugs dot chenerally causes der troubles; und den you vant to vash der rose mit a liquid breparations I haf for sale——"

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfried Gluber, der florist."

"O-o-oh!" weakly. "Good-by!"—*Buffalo Express.*

TWO old fellows in New Hampshire were the sharpest things in the way of bargaining. Cy Pettingill made brooms for a living and Ezra Hoskins kept a store. One day Cy came in with a load of brooms and the dickering began.

Cy was a man who could see a bargain through a six-inch plank on a dark night, and Ezra could hear a dollar bill rattle in a bag of feathers a mile off. Well, they began, and their conversation was something like this:

"Ezra, I want to sell you these brooms."

"All right, Cy, I'll take them."

Cy said: "I don't want any store bargains. I want cash for them."

They talked and gaddled a while, and then Ezra said: "I tell you what I'll do, Cy, I'll give you half cash and half trade."

Cy took a fresh chew of tobacco, pulled a straw out of one of the brooms, and said:

"That'll be all right, Ezra."

After he had put the brooms in the store, Ezra said: "Here's your money, Cy, now what do you want in trade?"

Cy looked around for a spell, cocked his eye up to the ceiling, stuck his cud in his cheek, and said:

"Well, if it is all the same for you, Ezra, I'll take brooms."—*Columbia Record.*

THE killing of a brother man, even in battle, is a painful thing to remember. A soldier of the war thus vividly describes his first experience:

"My first man I saw but twenty seconds, but I shall remember him forever. I was standing by my gun when a Confederate infantry soldier rushed up.

"I whipped out my revolver and took him through the breast. He tossed up his arms, gave me the strangest look in the world, and fell forward upon his face. He had blue eyes, brown curling hair, a dark mustache and a handsome face.

I thought the instant I fired that I should have loved that man if I had known him. I tell you war is terrible business."—*Youth's Companion.*

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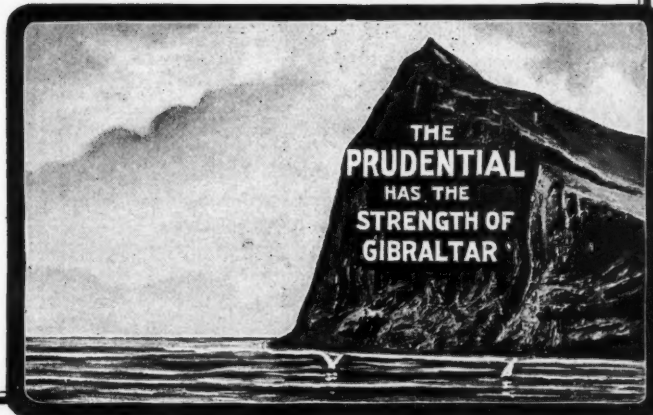
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· LIFE ·

## RACING EVERY WEEK-DAY

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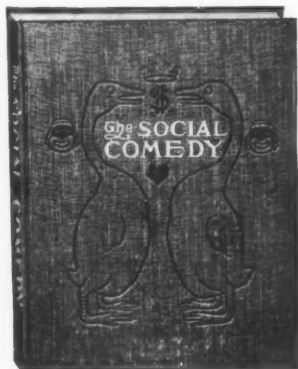
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"IT'S ALL TO THE GOOD. I'VE SEEN IT!"

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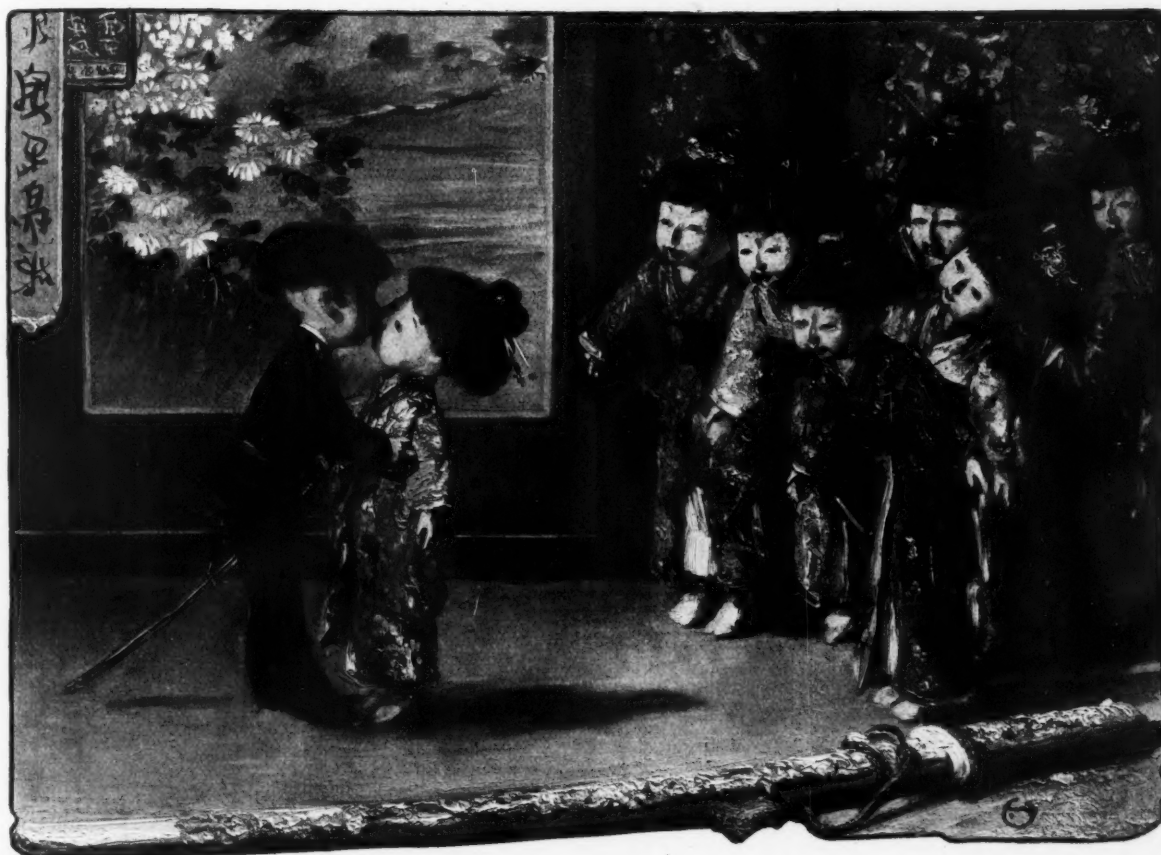
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# LIFE



THE RETURN OF A HOBSON.

## True to Each Other.

THE hero and the heroine of a modern epigrammatical play met in the anteroom.

"I hope," he said, "that you have not been waiting for me to talk to you."

"On the contrary," she replied, "I have been waiting for what you would not say."

"Ah! then I will begin. Will you marry me?"

"I cannot. My slender means do not permit me to be separated from any more men. But perhaps you are not serious."

"Certainly not. The matter is far too important to be serious about. By

the way, are you alone this evening?"

"More so than usual. I came with two men. To be really alone, you know, is to have a multitude about."

"Ah! And did you divide your fragments among them?"

"All but a few crumbs—which I have saved for you."

"Then shall we dine?"

"I do not believe in eating between meals."

He waved his hand.

"What is love?" he asked.

She also waved her hand.

"Love," she said, "is an affliction of the masses, unpreventable except by exclusiveness."

"And marriage?"

"A cement—that doesn't stick."

"And woman?"

"An affair of the past. Come now, it's your turn. What is the past?"

"Something we are all looking forward to."

"And Love?"

"Something we cannot afford."

"And what is a kiss?"

"Merely an acknowledgment that Love is not perfect. If it were, kisses would be unnecessary."

She held out her hand.

"Au revoir," she said. "We shall never meet again."

He took it.

"Good-bye forever," he replied.

"I'll see you later." Addison Fox, Jr.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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JUDGE PARKER, on July 9, introduced himself effectively to the American people in a telegram to the St. Louis Convention, which

read: "I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the convention to-day shall be ratified by the people." And he begged the convention, if it found his views in conflict with its wishes, to nominate some one else.

And this was the same Parker, of whom his proposer, Mr. Littleton, had told the convention the night before: "He has been silent because he does not claim to be the master of the Democratic party, but is content to be its servant. His policy, if elected, will be that policy which finds expression in the platform of his party."

Mr. Littleton seems to have been incompletely acquainted with his candidate when he spoke, but, like the rest of us, he knows him better now. "And a man," said an Asiatic speaker many years ago, "shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." That seems more nearly a true description of Judge Parker as his gold standard telegram made him known to the Eastern and Southern Democrats. After all, the silent man could speak; the Judge could decide when the case was fully made up and submitted to him. The money question is not an issue this

year. It is settled, just as Judge Parker said. But manhood is always an issue, and the Democrats would have stood a worse chance with a topic they could not discuss, and with a candidate who dared not speak his mind about money.



WELL, well, what a convention it was! No doubt it will be dramatized and given, presently at Coney Island, and when that happens Mr. Bryan will have the centre of the stage. His performance was certainly astonishing, and nothing but Judge Parker's telegram hindered, or could finally have hindered, him, from starting in the campaign the biggest figure on the Democratic side. Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, did good work for the Democrats. In his opening address he struck a keynote for them, to which a long, strong campaign psalm could be lifted. He wrote them a platform on which, with unimportant changes, their feet could be firmly established. His work should have stood; there were Democrats enough of his sort in the convention to maintain it; but Bryan, already beaten once in the convention, beat the Williams platform in committee. He threw out the conservative and reassuring money plank, injected needless violence into the tariff plank, and loaded up the trust plank with explosives. In his remarkable labors to these ends he had the help of the Western mining States, the territories, and Hawaii and Porto Rico. The South and the East, whence will come the Democratic votes, opposed all these changes.



GOING back into the convention Mr. Bryan saw the delegates adopt the platform amended to suit his necessities. Then he sat all night in convention, and at daybreak, after about forty hours of intense activity,

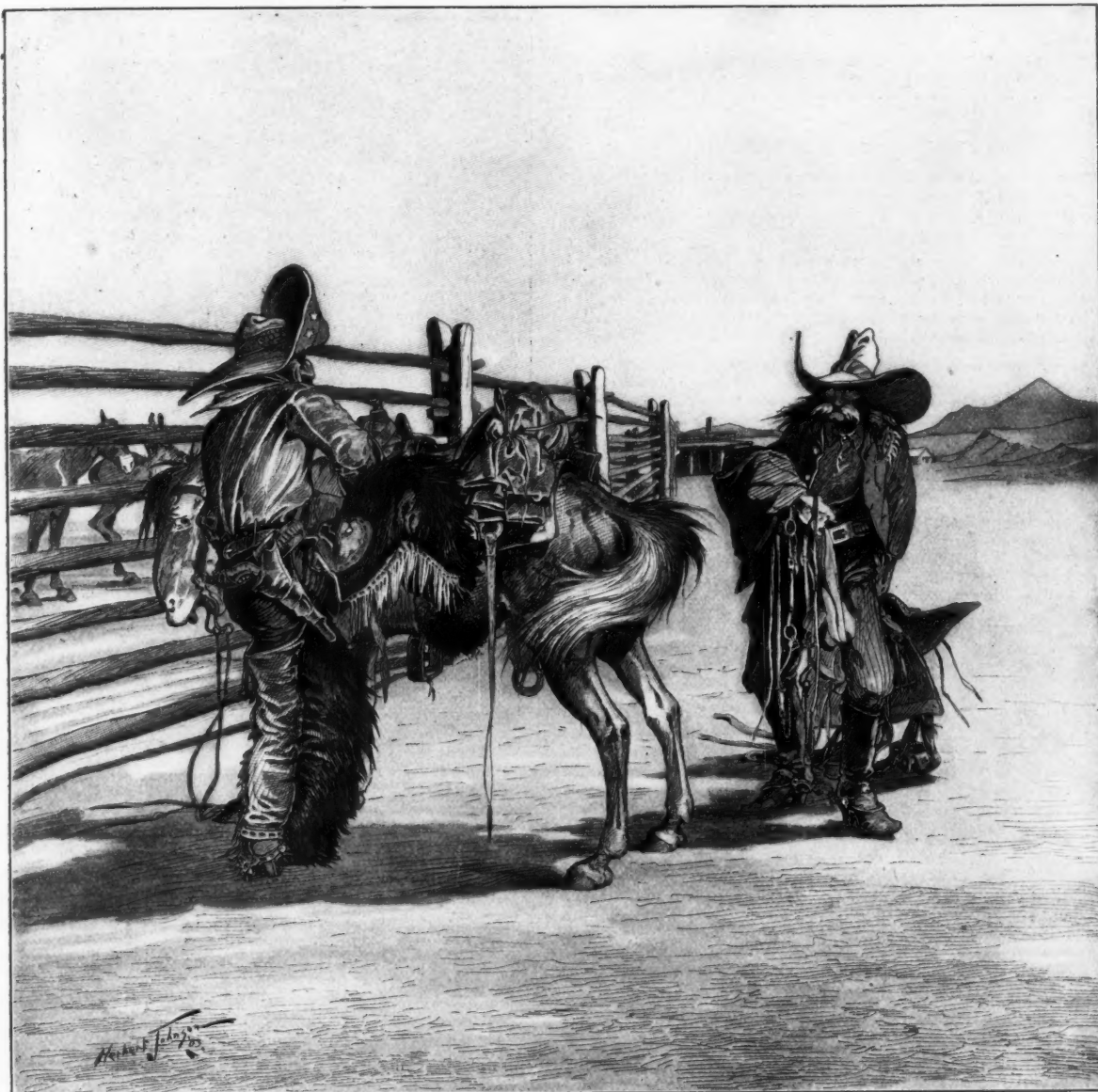
he made a notable speech three-quarters of an hour long. Then he saw Parker nominated and went to bed. He had not got the candidate he wanted, nor defeated the candidate he did not want, but he had stamped the ticket with his stamp, so that he could support it without loss of prestige. It was a prodigious performance. Give Mr. Bryan credit for a great feat. In the face of a hostile majority he had successfully asserted his leadership, thereby assuring a walkover for the Republican candidate.

It is not surprising that that did not suit Judge Parker. His next friends might consent to have him run on Mr. Bryan's terms, but why should he do it? It did not seem good to him. At last—yet at the earliest moment that was proper—he put in his oar and the Democratic bark came up into the wind, and lay tossing for hours on a lot of angry billows.



THE readers of LIFE know the rest of the story. The Democrats offer the country this year a gold Democrat of excellent character, no longer unknown to the voters, on a platform in the main good, and whereof the defects are not dangerous, in view of the qualities and training of the candidate and the quality of his support. It will be idle to argue this year that Democratic success would be a public calamity. A great victory has been won at St. Louis, the fruit of which is that this year, for the first time since 1892, there are again two candidates for the Presidency, either of whom is fit to be trusted with the administration of the Government. Now again we may have discussion of principles in a campaign. Free silver is dead and buried, and Parker has erected a sufficiently conspicuous monument over its remains.

Ex-Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, Judge Parker's running mate, is a very rich, respectable and lively octogenarian from West Virginia. He brings to the ticket long experience, both in politics and affairs, and though he may seem somewhat mature to reenter public life, he is a safe and sound Democrat and will scare off no voters.



"WELL, I AM GLAD TO GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION."  
 "BEEN UP IN THE BAD LANDS?"  
 "NAW. NEW YORK."

#### Fame.

LD Caspar's work was done, quite as in the original instance, and he, before his cottage door, was sitting in the sun.

Near him sported on the green his little grandchild Wilhelmine.

Suddenly the maid found a human skull.

"It was a famous victory," said Caspar, plunging at once *in medias res*.

"But why was it famous, grandsire?" asked Wilhelmine.

"Well, why shouldn't it be famous, when there were fifteen thousand newspaper correspondents with each army?" old Caspar fiercely retorted.

"To be sure. How stupid of me not

to have thought of that!" exclaimed the child, in great confusion.

In this age of intelligence, even those persons who are the figments of the poet are not dispensed from keeping abreast with the improvements in the art of war.

**N**OTHING is too sacred to tell; if you tell it sacredly.



## Our Fresh-Air Fund.

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C. F., Columbus, O.....	2.00
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## Postals from Life's Farm.

*Dear Mamma* I would like you to come to see me at Sunday and allsew whie papa I am geting strong and I am fat and I give a kiss to all and how is the baby Mamma are you better if you are better I will be glad  
BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

*Dear Family*, I have reached safely and I am very happy. I drink as much milk as I want. I ask you to please send me some money because I haven't any money. We have scups. we go bathing every day and we go down the village every day to buy candy.

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

*Dear Mamma* :—I am now in the country in safety. Lillian and I like the place very much we are treated very nicely. We sleep right next door to the head lady and we have very nice clean bed. Nettie and Lillie always play together nicely. Hoping you are well I send my best regards to all, Mamma Papa Elsie and all my friends.

Please write tell Elsie. Your Daughter.

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.



A SAD CASE.

"WE'VE BEEN PRETTY BAD OFF AT TIMES, EH, STUMPY?"

"SURE WE HAVE!"

"WELL, IT AIN'T A CIRCUMSTANCE TER HOW THEM SWELLS, SOME OF 'EM, HAS TER LIVE! YES-TIDDY, I HEARD ONE ER THEM REAL SERSIETY WIMMIN SAY SHE AN' HER HUSBAN' HAD BEEN LIVIN' IN THE R TRUNKS FER TWO YEARS!"

*Dear Mama* :—I like the place very much. We all have to drink one quart of milk a day don't send any money untill I write for it because I will only lose it. I was in bathing this afternoon and I can swim a little bit. Martha didnt go in very much because she was afraid of her teeth. My adress is LIFE'S Farm, Branchville, Conn.

Write soon.

I am very glad that I came to this country becaus we all can get all the food we want and are you going to send some money Tuesday

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

*Dear pa*. We have a nice time and we go in Bathing evry day. We eat May 4 plat of oatmeal 8 slice of bread 4 Boles of mick Eddie 5 pleat of soup 6 boles of cack and chicken 4 pleats. gurtie the sane.

Please send a letter.

from May

Good by.

LIFE FARM, BRANCHVILLE.

## Benefit.

**PARKE**: How is your auto getting on?

**LANE**: Not at all. But I have made so many repairs on it that my system is full of oil, and I walk easier.

## Solution.

**CHICAGO**.—The Press Agent of the University gives out authoritative statements as to the recent discoveries in the biological laboratory.

It appears that there has been, as usual, exaggeration.

The report that there has been artificially produced an animal with human intelligence, but devoid of human feelings, is only partly true.

Careful tests show that it is not absolutely impossible to insult the new being.

Nor does it look perfectly swell in livery.



AT LIFE'S FARM.

THE BAND.

It will go into the suburbs, but not altogether without aversion.

It will not work for nothing, as yet.

It is not thoroughly indifferent as to afternoons off.

The public are warned against expecting too much. The biologists of the University believe they are on the way to a solution of the servant problem, but there are still very grave difficulties to be surmounted.

## A Hard School.

**SHOWMAN**: Want a job as acrobat, do you?

**APPLICANT**: Yes, sir.

"Ever travel with a show?"

"Never."

"College graduate, maybe?"

"No."

"Taught in Japan, perhaps?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, what experience have you had?"

"I have traveled daily for sixteen years on the open cars of the Metropolitan Street Railroad, up and down Manhattan Island."

"What pay do you ask?"

"Three hundred a week."

"Very well. Begin to-morrow."

## A Keen Sense.

**THE PARSON**: Young man, have you ever seriously considered your duty to others?

**FUTTER**: Indeed I have! I visited a summer resort recently, and I hadn't been there twenty-four hours before I had kissed every girl in the hotel.

Liberty.

**L**IBERTY was a fine thing, to be sure; but even liberty could be too dearly bought.

Thus argued a strong party.

"You forget," answered the patriots, nothing daunted, "that in modern warfare the loss of life is small. We can achieve our independence with trifling slaughter."

"Ah, doubtless. But the celebration of it from year to year!" urged the moderates.

Serfs had at least no occasion to be firing off cannon crackers and toy pistols; chains were in many ways preferable to lockjaw, reasoned the moderates, and would not be prevailed upon.

Needed a Day Off.

**F**IRST BUSY AMERICAN: Commuting now, are you? How do you like the place you're living in?

SECOND BUSY AMERICAN: Well, you see, I haven't spent a Sunday there yet, and it's pretty hard to judge a place in the dark.

Happy at Last.

**B**UDDKINS said that, after all, he was glad to die."

"What made him feel that way?"

"Well, he was paying for so many things by the installment plan, that death came as a welcome relief."



F.W. READ

"RUN! SAVE YOURSELF! I CAN GO NO FARTHER!"  
 "WHAT! AND LEAVE A FRIEND! NEVER! BESIDES, WHAT'S THE USE? HE WON'T BE HUNGRY AFTER HE EATS YOU."



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

### The Fake Diary of a Fake Boy.

By JOHNNIE D. POCKETFEELER.



APRIL 1.—Brite and fair. I am going to begin a diry for my father told me he would give me 10 cents if I would keep it up for a month and I would do anything for 10 cents. the boys on my streat dont keep dirys and I am going to have more money than they got. I live on Wal streat and the other boys on my streat is Jay p. Moregain Georgie Gold Rusty Age Handy Carnigan and Willie Vandalguilt. this morning me and Jay p. was playing marbles. I started out with 2 and I straped him and he had a segar box full. he was foolish to start out with so many. yesterday Rusty wanted to play me but he wanted to borrow 1 from me to start with and I said I guess not. I got all the marbles on our streat now and I am trading them for tops. toptime is in 2 weaks and marbles wont be any good then. me and Georgie Gold is going to build a ralerode in our back yard.

APRIL 2.—Brite and fair. this morning Georgie came over with his cars. he has got a engen a bagage car and 2 passenger cars. I didnt have any cars but I got his now. I wanted to call the rode the Pocketfeeler short line and he wanted to call it the Gold rode. he got mad and said he would charge me a cent a trip for the use of the cars. I said all rite we made 60 trips and then I said I would charge him 2 cents a trip for the use of my yard and that he owed me 60 cents and I grabed the cars and he went home balling. the cars cost 75 cents. I guess he wont try to do me any more.

APRIL 3.—Brite and fair. me and Willie Vandalguilt is keeping a store in his barn. We sell cornsilk cigarets and downuts that his mother made for us and lemanade. he furnished the lemans and shugar and I furnished the water. this morning Rusty Age came in our store and said how much is downuts. I said 1 cent a peace. he said I will give you 2 cents for 3. I said all rite. then he said how much is

lemanade. I said 2 cents a glass. Well he said you just take back the downuts and I will take a glass of lemanade instead. he drunk the lemanade and started out and I said wheres your 2 cents for the lemanade and he said didnt the downuts that I give you back just come to the lemanade. and then I said you didnt pay me for the downuts. and he said course not am I going to pay you for them and let you keep them to. and then he went out. Never mind old Rusty I am going to fix you sometime.

APRIL 4.—Brite and fair. Willie Vandalguilts father give me and him and Jay p. each a settin hen and some eggs and told us he would give a prize of \$1 dollar to the boy that razed the most chickens.

APRIL 5.—Brite and fair. our hens are settin.

APRIL 6.—Brite and fair. our hens are still settin.

APRIL 7.—Brite and fair. I bet I get the prize. this morning when Willie and Jay p. was at school I took the eggs that their hens was settin on and put them in some hot water for about 5 minutes. I need that \$1 dollar for last sunday in sunday school I give 3 cents to a free kindergartin way out west in shecawgo and that has got to be made up somehow.

APRIL 8.—Brite and fair. our hens are still settin. the other boys is making a place for their chickens when they hatch. I aint making a place for mine cause they wont have any chickens and I can have the coop they are making.

APRIL 27.—Brite and fair. I aint wrote any in my diry cause I knew I was going to get that \$1 dollar anyway and thats more than father was going to give me. I got 9 chickens from my hen and the other boys didnt get any. Willies father told them if they had taken as good care of their hens as I did of mine they would have done better. the boys is sore at me but they don't know why their eggs didnt hatch.

APRIL 28.—Brite and fair. I made 5 more cents today. the boys tried to get me and Handy Carnigan into a fite yesterday. this morning I saw Handy and said at reces lets have a fite



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"HERE'S TO THE BRIDE."

and if you will give me 10 cents I will let you be a hero and lick me. Handy says all rite. how bad can I lick you will you let me paste you in both eyes for 10 cents. I said no but I will let you paste me in 1 eye for 5 cents. at reces we had a make believe fite and he gave me a shiner and I got 5 cents for it but I am glad I didn't let him paste me in both eyes.

### Gentility.

WHERE a man does not know he has viscera, that is mere health.

But where he knows he has viscera, yet resolutely thrusts them into the background, that is gentility.

It takes three generations to make gentlefolk.

In the first generation we get rich, and eat what we like, and all we can hold of it.

In the second generation we discover our inner selves.

In the third generation we still employ the best doctors, but only for the sake of the social distinction.

FIRST AMERICAN CITIZEN: Did you lose any of your children on the Fourth?

SECOND AMERICAN CITIZEN: Oh, no; nothing but an eye and a few fingers.



"SO THEY TOOK UP JONAH AND CAST HIM FORTH INTO THE SEA;  
AND THE SEA CEASED FROM HER RAGING."

—Book of Jonah 1,15.

### Revenge.

"LISTEN to me, sir."

The ten-thirty express, bound straight through to St. Louis, had just left the station, as a short, nervous-looking man, with a care-worn face, accosted the gateman.

"I want to tax your memory," he continued, in a stage whisper. "About ten minutes ago, did a large, robust woman, with a red feather in her hat and carrying a telescope bag that weighed about one hundred pounds, pass through here?"

"I think I recollect such a woman."

"Ah! Did she have a restless, eager expression on her face, and was she wearing a beautiful black silk dress made two years ago?"

"I wouldn't wonder."

"Did she have gray eyes, a sharp, inquisitive nose, a prominent chin, and when she spoke did her voice go through you and make you shiver and shake like the first blast of the cold north wind in autumn?"

"I certainly recollect such a woman."

"And was she bound straight through to the greatest Exposition of modern times?"

"She was. Through ticket—no stop-over."

The happy stranger clasped the austere gateman by the hand.

"Grand!" he exclaimed. "Beautiful! Gorgeous! Words fail me to tell how good I feel. This is the happiest day of my life. My wife has done it at last. If I felt any better I couldn't stand it."

"I suppose you are now," said the gateman, unbending a trifle, "in for a real razzle-dazzle time."

The face of his joyous friend beamed with keen pleasure.

"It isn't that, it isn't that!" he cried. "I have no vices. But for years my St. Louis friends have been camping out in my Harlem flat for the better part of the summer. And now, at last, I'm going to get my revenge."

"DON'T you think fiction is deteriorating?"

"I guess you haven't read the two platforms."



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BAD LUCK—THIEN AT T



**Faith.**

THE man with an ailment consulted the Swami, who suggested that a fee of five dollars would be the proper thing.

"And now," said the Swami, "go home and reflect upon the syllable OM. If you don't get well, it will be because you lack faith."

The man got no better and went to a regular physician, who sent him a bill at the end of the month.

"Your trouble," said the regular physician, "is easily overcome, if you but conform to that rule which, from Esculapius to date, has always been one of the tenets of our profession. I will prescribe a course of treatment, but you must have faith in it, or nothing can be done."

The man got no better.

Thereupon he went to a Christian Scientist, who smiled the usual smile and requested a fiver in advance.

"All you need," he said, "is to read our book—price \$3.18 to the trade—and have faith."

Then it was that the man, who got steadily worse, determined to take the law into his own hands. And at the end of a certain time, when he had fully recovered, he wrote the following prescription:

"I began by having faith in myself, and every time I took a treatment, paid myself in cash. Thus I not only got well, but kept the money in the family."

*Tom Masson.*

**Experience.**

MRS. ANNEX: This must be the new cook now, John. I hear a cab stopping at the door.

MR. ANNEX: You'd better show her the house, dear, while I go and tell the cabman to wait.

**Modern Anecdote.**

HON. DAVID BENNETT HILL was walking arm in arm with Judge Parker.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Hill," we said as we joined them, "have you no fears of Grover Cleveland upsetting your cherished plans?"

"Grover Cleveland—Grover Cleveland?" he replied as if in a profound reverie. "It seems to me I've heard that name before. Who the dickens is he?"

Not feeling that we were conducting an information bureau, we refrained from a direct answer.

**Progress.**

NODD: How is your boy getting along in politics?

TODD: First-rate. The papers have taken him up, and are beginning to denounce him.

**Emergencies We Must Meet.**

WHEN YOUR BOY COMES HOME FROM COLLEGE.

EVEN to those of us who have been tempered, more or less, by the wisdom of experience, the consciousness of our own inferiority is not always present. Absorbed in matters which seem to us of some importance, we forget ourselves, and go on for long periods unmindful of our shortcomings.

It is always well, therefore, that you, sir, should have your boy come home from college occasionally, if only to wake you up and give you that tone of humility that only a supreme event of this kind can inculcate.

More or less dimly, perhaps, you are prepared for the worst. And yet there are always some calamities that never can be fully realized until they are well upon us. You expected, no doubt, that he would evince a certain superiority. With good-natured condescension you were ready to tolerate his kindly patronage and deal with it as gently as may be. But in a short time you are made to realize, alas! that the tables have been turned upon you. Whatever of kindly consideration, of gentle toleration, there is between you, is all on his side. It is he, after all, who is prepared to make things easier for you. He listens to your remarks with kindly sympathy. He bears with you, and in a very short time you begin to perceive that you are on the defensive.

There are certain axioms of advice which you had thought to thrust upon him. You discover, however, that long ago he has discounted them. These matters have all been disposed of mathematically, scientifically and classically. The Greeks confront you. Numbers disconcert you. Philosophy baffles you. The last word has been said.

Among all the vicissitudes of life, however, there has always been one to whom you could go and glean comfort—one who believes in you, looks up to you, respects you. And you go to his mother now in the full confidence of long habit.

In a fine flush of resentment you impart to her the truth. Your boy is a prig. It has all been a mistake. If he had gone to work when he was fifteen, why, now he might be something at least bearable.

But his mother, for the first time, stares at you coldly. Her heart is on the other side.

In despair you go off by yourself, in one of those moments in which a man realizes that no one can help him. You shut your study door; you bow your head in secret shame.

And then there is a timid knock. Your boy stands before you. His face is pale. There is a paper in his hands. It is long and formidable, and you suddenly feel your own importance. You tower above him in wrath. His eye quails. And as you gather him once more by the collar in the old familiar way, you exclaim in a voice of thunder:

"Boy! how much do you owe?"

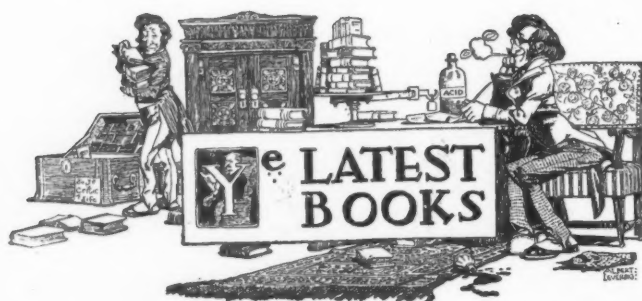
"PAPA, what is the National Bird?"

"It used to be the eagle, my son, but since Roosevelt came in, it's the stork."



A LITTLE CELEBRATION.

THE NEWS OF PARKER'S NOMINATION HAS JUST REACHED FROGVILLE.



*Man and Superman*, by G. Bernard Shaw, is described by the author as a comedy and a philosophy. The play embodies Mr. Shaw's views on the sex problem, and thereto is added *The Revolutionists' Handbook*, by the hero of the comedy, Mr. Shaw being tired of heroes who are said to write masterpieces, but never have anything to show for it. Finally, there is a preface which, like all Mr. Shaw's prefaces, is worth the price of the volume. Shaw is the ideal Irishman, the personification of the antithetical. His method is the direct opposite of the "all things to all men" idea. Is there a government? He is agin it. Are there conventions? He is unconventional. To the liberal he is conservative, and to the conservative an iconoclast. Confront him with a devotee, he becomes an atheist. Place him in Westminster Abbey and he turns Methodist. But he has two inestimable qualities—he is mordantly brilliant, and he is consistent in his inconsistency. Praise him, and he calls you a fool; berate him, and he'll dub you a philistine. He is a dilute mental poison, and hence a stimulant and a tonic.

A new garden book is now almost a weekly event, and sometimes it is hard to decide whether they are prompted by a love of the flowers of the earth or of flowers of speech. There is, however, no suggestion of the latter impulse in Mrs. Theodore Thomas's history of *Our Mountain Garden*, and its underlying dislike of artificiality and a boldly confessed fondness for certain weeds of sorts will find an answering echo in more hearts than one.

*The Jessica Letters*, or, as the subtitle has it, the romance of an editor, is a happy instance of collaborative writing by two authors whose names are withheld. They have most cleverly woven the pattern of their opinions of current literature, ethics and social philosophy upon the woof of a pleasant story.

Most people who read Elinor Macartney Lane's first novel, *The Mills of God*, will want to read her second. It is called *Nancy Stair*, and is a study of the eternal feminine, persistent and victorious over training and environment, is cast in romantic form, well written, and placed in Edinburgh in the eighteenth century.

*By the Good Sainte Anne* is a novel by Anna Chapin Ray, who has heretofore written almost exclusively for girls. Now books for girls have a quality or flavor which is *sui generis* and unmistakable, and this flavor persists faintly in this novel. Otherwise, the story is somewhat on

the lines of *The Story of Collette*, and is a pretty guide-book tale of Beupré and Quebec.

*Four Roads to Paradise*, being the four paths pursued by four very diverse exponents of American life in their efforts to forestall the joys to come by winning Anne Blythe, is a story by Maud Wilder Goodwin, which not only bristles with bright sayings, but is of a quality to bear with ease its load of epigram.

*The Ark of 1803* is a polite dime novel, with the Historical trade-mark and the Louisiana Purchase brand. It describes a flatboat trip down the Ohio and Mississippi a hundred years ago, and is safe reading for boys who live at a sufficient distance from running water. It is by C. A. Stephens.

*Myers's Ancient History* comes to us in a new edition, much improved and brought up to date. One of the best of our standard ancient histories, the new edition will be welcomed by all students.  
J. B. Kerfoot.

- Man and Superman*. By G. Bernard Shaw. (Brentano's. \$1.25)  
*Our Mountain Garden*. By Mrs. Theodore Thomas. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Jessica Letters*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)  
*Nancy Stair*. By Elinor Macartney Lane. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)  
*By the Good Sainte Anne*. By Anna Chapin Ray. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.25.)  
*Four Roads to Paradise*. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Ark of 1803*. By C. A. Stephens. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.25.)  
*Ancient History*. By Philip Van Ness Myers. Revised edition. (Ginn and Company.)

"DID you meet many Kings while in Europe?"  
 "Not enough to hurt my reputation."



THE LATEST WAR-NEWS.  
 THE RUSSIANS RETIRED BEFORE THE JAPS.

### Homo Sum.

**M**AN: a branch of the higher order of vertebræ, inhabiting the globe for a period of several hours after the ice melted.

Traces of man have been found as far north as within several miles of the North Pole, and as far south as the Antarctic belt.

Man was essentially a scavenger, tearing down forests and spreading his own *loci habiti* over vast portions. No trace of reason has been discovered in man, but his instincts were apparently well developed, much of his work almost equalling the spider, the ant and other insects.

Man generally worked in vast numbers, and had no regard for his own life. Petrified remains of two men, one cutting the other open with barbarous instruments, show this quite plainly.

It is questionable whether man was a creature of feeling, authorities differing. The latest researches seem to favor the theory that he was naturally cruel, his cruelty proceeding from indifference.

There is no evidence to show that he was susceptible to pleasure or pain.

It is a question as to whether man had any means of communication or not. Some theorists have suggested that he must have had a language, but this theory is purely anthropocentric, and to be deprecated without substantive evidence.

Man was apparently divided into two sexes—male and female. There is evidence that one period of their development they lived together in harmony, buried utensils and equipments common only to what is known as family being discovered in large cul-

tures. But this was only for a short time.

It is now highly probable, from careful sifting of all the evidence about this strange species, that the last state of man was worse than the first.

T. M.



WHISPERED.

*The Mother:* YOU MUST GIVE HIM UP, DEAR. YOU CANNOT MARRY A PENNILESS MAN.

"VERY WELL, MAMA. BUT CAN'T I STILL INVITE HIM TO DINNER? I SIMPLY *can't* SEE HIM GO HUNGRY."

### Diagnosis.

**PATIENT:** Do you consider this trouble fatal, doctor? You know my means are limited and—

"Well, as a rule, the patient succumbs to it after about two thousand dollars' worth of treatment."



IN THE CITY OF —

Frenzied with fear, the driver lashed the horses into a gallop, and the spirited animals tore along the street, the carriage narrowly escaping an upset as it bumped over the crossings, banged against other vehicles, and turned sharp corners.

Presently the hue and cry grew fainter in the distance, and the driver tried to slow down.

A policeman came to his assistance, and the horses were stopped.

"Phwat's the matter?" asked the officer. "Was the harses runnin' away?"

"It's all right, policeman," said a man inside the carriage, thrusting a pale face out through the side door. "This is a wedding party. We were escaping from a mob of crazy women."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A COUNTRY vicar, who invited his flock once a year to supper in the school-room, intrusted his handy man with the delivery of the invitation cards. A day or two before the function his reverence found the faithful fellow sitting by the roadside in an advanced state of hilarity.

"Good gracious, Jenkins, what does this mean?"

"I'm dud—dud—drunk, sir."

"So it seems. How did you get into this shocking state?"

"It's all along o' them cards, sir. I takes 'em round, and this 'un asks me to drink summat, an' that 'un asks me to drink summat, and so I gets like this."

"Why, this is terrible! Are there no temperance people in the parish?"

"Lor', yes, sir, lots of 'em; but I send their cards by post!"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

A YOUNG woman but recently married was the victim of a good joke on one of the uptown streets a few days since. She is extremely youthful looking, and at the time she was sweeping the sidewalk she did not look to be over 15 years old. A fussy old lady came along and smiled sweetly on the young woman, and then said:

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Beautiful," was the reply.

"Do you know where I could get a good girl?"



"THAT SAINT LOUISE SHOW AIN'T KNEE-HIGH TO OUR COUNTY FAIR."

"Not exactly, but there is an employment agency just above here."

"Do you like your position here?" queried the old lady.

"Pretty well," was the reply.

"How many in the family?"

"Only one besides me."

"Who is he?"

"He's my husband."

"Good-morning!"

"Good-morning!"—*Albany Journal*.

MARY.

Mary sat upon a pin  
But showed no perturbation;  
For some of her was genuine,  
But most was imitation.

—*Sphinx*.

LONG-TAILED DOG: Don't you get tired of everlastingly wagging that little stump of yours?

STUMP-TAILED DOG: No; it feels just as if the tail was all there, and I get just as much fun out of the exercise as you do, with a good deal less work.—*Chicago Tribune*.

JUDGING by Russia's official list of losses, she must have had a whole lot of men whose disappearance does not constitute a loss.—*The Philadelphia North American*.

As there is a law against burying in the city of Albany, the Bishop had to have a special act of Legislature to be buried in the Cathedral. He was successful in having the act pass the lawmakers, but his friends were astounded and worried when they read its text. It began with the usual verbiage. The ending was something like this:

"We do grant that Bishop Doane be buried within the precincts of the Cathedral at Albany. This act to take effect immediately."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE high-born dame was breaking in a new footman—stupid but honest.

In her brougham, about to make a round of visits, she found she had forgotten her bits of pasteboard. So she sent the lout back with orders to bring some of her cards that were on the mantelpiece in her boudoir, and put them in his pocket.

Here and there she dropped one and sometimes a couple, until at last she told Jeames to leave three.

"Can't do it, mum."

"How's that?"

"I've only got two left—the ace of spades and the seven of clubs!"—*Sporting Times*.

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# WILSON WHISKEY That's All!

"But They Always Break"



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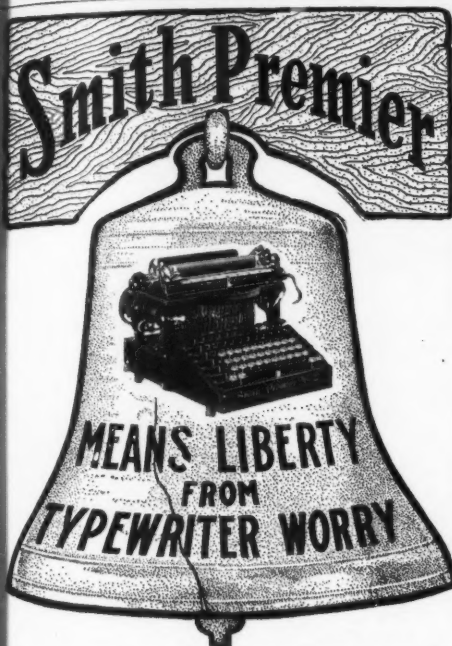
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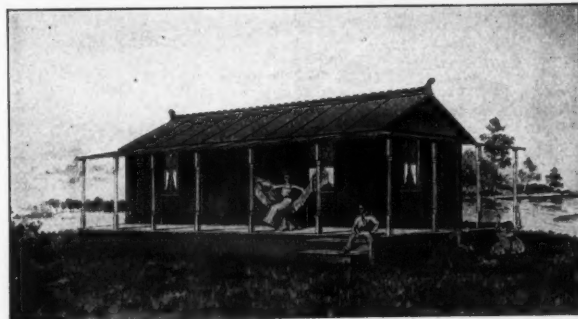
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"ARE you going camping this year?"  
"No. I can't leave my business, but we are going to have nearly the real thing at home, though. My wife is planning to remove all the screens."—*Cleveland Leader*.

**THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY:** The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

IN a speech that William Waldorf Astor delivered before the London Clubmen's Benevolent Society, he told of a costermonger who lay dying. Nevertheless, he expressed a desire for something to eat, and his wife asked him what he would like. "Well," said the costermonger, "I seem to smell a ham a-cookin' somewheres. I think I could eat a bit of that."

"Oh, no, John, dear," said his wife; "you can't have that. That's for the funeral."—*Argonaut*.

#### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

"BINKS overcame a lot of obstacles," said Banks to his wife. "He never went to school in his life, but he is a successful business man and prominent enough to be sent as a delegate to the St. Louis convention."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Mrs. Banks. "He's one of those uninstructed delegates the papers tell about."—*Cleveland Leader*.

AMONG its other qualities, a life preserver should be able to float.—*The Chicago News*.

**DASHAWAY:** Have you got a cigar for a friend?

**CLEVERTON** (bringing out two and handing him one): Yes. Try this.

**DASHAWAY:** Not on your life. I'll take the other, which I see is one of Fonseca's. I don't want the cigars you give your friends.

HERE is a story that illustrates the estimate the German citizen places on sauerkraut as a food staple. A German was speaking last fall about the high price of cabbage. "I tell you, dese kabbages is awful high, dis year," he said; "me und me vife puts up six, seven, eight barrels of sauerkraut every year—but ve can't dis year. Dem kabbages dey cost too much."

"You put up some sauerkraut, didn't you, Chris?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes—two or tree barrels—just to haf in de house in case of sickness."—*Argonaut*.

**KATE:** She asked that question just out of idle curiosity, don't you think?

**LAURA:** No; busy curiosity. Her curiosity is never idle.—*Somerville Journal*.

ONE of the daintiest and most attractive illustrated tourist books of the season has just been issued by the Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company, whose magnificent Steamers ply daily between the points named, leaving each city in the evening and arriving early the following morning. This bids fair to become the popular route to and from the St. Louis Exposition. Tickets reading over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R. R. are accepted on these Steamers without extra charge. Send four cents in stamps to cover postage for "Summer Tours" to W. F. Herman, G. P. A., Cleveland, O.

"Did you encourage your daughter's literary ambition?"

"Decidedly," answered the matter-of-fact woman. "If she has the gossiping instinct it is bound to come out, and she'd better be making up stories about imaginary people than about the neighbors."—*Washington Star*.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Here's to love; a thing so divine,  
Description makes it but the less.  
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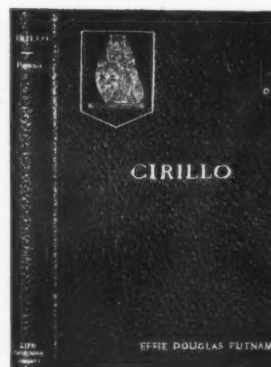
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*Buffalo Express:* It is a charming book.

*New York Evening Sun:* The author has aimed high in "Cirillo," and there can be no doubt of her success.

*Pittsburgh Dispatch:* Why aren't more books intended for popular reading given such a setting?

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# Bicycle News.

JULY.

Never since the beginning of this industry have bicycles been so near perfection, both in construction and equipment, as they are to-day. Modern inventions like the two-speed gear and new coaster brake have brought the chainless wheels to a wonderful stage of development.

The two-speed gear is rightly called a hill leveler. It might pressure of either on either pedal changes gear from high to low hill climbing and difficult roads. Another like measure sets the high gears a swift run on the level. The coaster brake increases the rider's efficiency about one-third.

American highways are in better condition than ever before, so that touring a wheel is attractive.

The people have never been more outspoken in their appreciation of bicycling as a health-giving exercise. It is rapidly returning to a leading place in the list of outdoor recreations.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has two departments, the Eastern and the Western, the former at Hartford, Conn., manufacturing and marketing the famous Columbia, Cleveland, Tribune and Crawford wheels, and the latter at Chicago, Ill., producing the well-known Rambler, Crescent, Monarch and Imperial models.

Catalogues are free at the stores of over 10,000 dealers, or any one catalogue will be mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

## Raisulians.

"RAISULI is a gentleman," writes Ion Perdicaris; "He would not do a single thing intended to embarrass

His captives, nor does he desire their peace of mind to harass—

He only wants the money."

"The iceman is a gentleman"—this word is from another—

"His every inclination is to be a man and a brother.

Therefore your indignation you should grapple with and smother—

He only wants the money."

"The coal man is a gentleman" (of course we'd have to bump him!)—

"It jars his sensibilities when with brigands you lump him;

Go ask him all about his work—you'll find, if you will pump him,

He only wants the money."

"The meat man is a gentleman"—this note is from a buyer—

"He does not like to see your grief when prices are made higher;

If you assert 'tis otherwise, he'll hint you are a liar— He only wants the money."

"The gas man, soda fountain man, the druggist, and the grocer,

The man who sells electric light—set down this point as so, sir;

Not one of them but feels for you. Your enemy? Oh, no, sir!

He only wants the money."

"The bookie is a gentleman"—we get this from a bettor

Who uses losing tickets as the basis of his letter—

"He would not have a single man through hard luck be his debtor—

He only wants the money."

With no desire to add to this, or lengthen it unduly, The point that Perdicaris makes is not discovered newly—

The world is full of gentlemen who work à la Raisuli— They only want the money.

—Chicago Tribune.



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MANY of the railroads in the South are prone to giving passes indiscriminately, so that on some of the smaller roads about all the prominent people who live along the line are carried free. Storekeepers, sawmill proprietors, politicians—in fact, almost everybody who can afford to pay his fare goes scot free, while the negroes and poor country folk pay the large fares exacted, the larger, of course, for the road's loss on the deadheads. One Georgia railroad, however, according to *The Boston Transcript*, has set its face against the evil, and has resorted to Scripture to make plain its position. It has posted in the two or three passenger cars that comprise its equipment the following notice:

"This means you!

"Thou shalt not pass.—Numbers, xx, 18.

"None shall ever pass.—Isaiah, xxxiv, 10.

"Suffer not a man to pass.—Judges, iii, 29.

"The wicked shall no more pass.—Nahum,

i, 15.

"This generation shall not pass.—Mark, xiii, 30.

"Though they roar, yet they cannot pass.—Jeremiah, v, 22.

"So he paid the fare and went.—Jonah,

i, 3."


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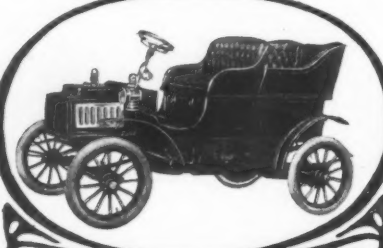
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**Modest Mr. Hearst.**

[A peculiarity which seems most admirable to Hearst's friends and hurts him among a certain class of blatant, self-advertising politicians, is his modesty.—Arthur Brisbane, in *Collier's Weekly*.]

**H**E said it with a mantling blush,  
This modest editor,  
"Publicity is shameful—tush!—  
And boasting I abhor.  
I am no pride-inflated gent,  
By fell ambition cursed—  
I only would be President,"  
Says bashful Mr. Hearst.

"My papers, set in twelve-inch type,  
Roar shyly through the land,  
The plutocratic hordes to wipe  
In one intense demand;  
And when my busy journals shove  
My name where all may see,  
'Tis but another symptom of  
My innate modesty."

"My circulation? Estimate  
A billion, more or less;  
For really, to exaggerate  
Would kill me, I confess.  
To dislocate my country's laws,  
This is my humble task.  
I only want the earth, because  
That's all I dare to ask.

"Just read my rainbow war news when  
My modesty you'd see,  
My murders, scandals, horrors, then  
Sit down and think of me.  
And when the public pulse is stirred  
In any sort of way,  
'I done it!' is the only word  
My stammering lips can say."

He cast his glances to the sward,  
This shrinking, modest one.

"I only ask a slight reward  
For all that I have done.  
Far, far it is from my intent  
To put my virtues first—  
Please ask me to be President!"  
Says timid Mr. Hearst.

—Wallace Irwin, in *New York Globe*.

**W**ITHIN a week or so—  
The Americans have killed a "large"  
number of Cottas.

The British have killed 300 Thibetans.

The Dutch have killed 500 Achinese.

The Germans have killed 300 Herreros.

Pretty soon the whole world will be civilized.—*The Portland Oregonian*.

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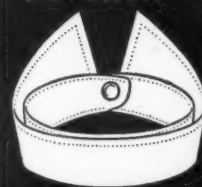
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